

## DEATH-LAND.

(Original.)

There's a large, still land where silence always  
bides.  
The shrouded gate hath never opened wide  
To let one human dweller wander out  
Who once hath seen the mystery inside.  
It brings a change to those who enter in.  
Something is lost, and something, too, is  
gained.  
For fleshly anguish cannot reach this bit  
Of matter, pale, inert. The cup is drained.  
There is no fountain whence it may be filled  
With torrent streams of woe or daws of  
bliss.  
The lips that once hath drunk its sweets are  
stilled,  
Yet hold the pathos of a parting kiss.  
They tell me memory lives inside that realm,  
And stirs the slumberous waves that lie  
beyond.  
If this be true, dear friend of mine, I pray  
Thou'd not forget our days of loving,  
fond.  
Thou'd not forget our thousand earthly  
joys,  
The clasp of hand that thrills again to  
hand,  
And touch of loving lips. Hast thou some  
sense  
Of human love and loss, in death's dim  
land!

MEDORA CLARK.

## MATED IN MYSTERY.

(Argonaut Trans. from the Russian.)

Toward the end of 1811, an epoch so mem-  
orable in the history of Russia, there dwelt  
on his domain of Menardowno, Gabriel  
Gabrielowich, with his wife and only daugh-  
ter Maria, a charming young girl about 17  
years of age.

Gabriel Gabrielowich was much loved and  
respected; generous to an unusual degree,  
his house was ever open to all who chose to  
accept his lavish hospitality. Maria, Gabri-  
el's daughter, was of course, many suitors at-  
tracted both by her personal charms and  
reputed wealth, but in spite of all impor-  
tunities she remained obstinately indispos-  
ed to all. Her romantic and impression-  
able mind, affected by the constant reading  
of many French novels, led her to imagine  
herself desperately and irrevocably in love.  
Unfortunately, the object of her affections,  
who undoubtedly returned her love, met  
with the contemptuous disapprobation of  
her parents, in whose mind a poor, non-com-  
missioned officer was no fitting match for  
the heiress of Menardowno. He was re-  
luctantly forbidden the house, but in spite  
of this the lovers met daily at the old for-  
est well, and there plighted their troth.  
When winter came, these stolen in-  
terviews were, perforce, discontinued. At  
length the separation became intolerable,  
even with the solace of a daily interchange  
of love-letters, and Vladimir Nicolawich,  
in one of these, poured forth in flowing  
words all his love and misery, and besought  
his lady love to fly with him, assuring her  
of her parents' forgiveness—for who, indeed,  
could withstand the fervent prayer the  
lovers would make for forgiveness, or fail  
to be touched by such heroic love and con-  
stancy?

Maria's romantic imagination was fasci-  
nated; she could not resist, and soon all  
preliminaries for the flight were settled. She  
would feign headache, and retire early; at  
10 o'clock a sleigh would be waiting at the  
small garden gate, and in this she would be  
driven, with her maid, through the forest of  
Jadrino, where Vladimir would await his  
bride in the village church.  
On the eve of her contemplated elopement,  
Maria, who was restless and unhappy, re-  
tired early to her room and spent part of  
the night indulging in a long and sentimental  
epistle to her dearest friend, and also a shorter  
one to her parents, in which she entreated their  
forgiveness for the step she was about to  
take, impelled by her unalterable love for  
Vladimir, who, as her husband, would re-  
turn to beg their indulgence and blessing.  
After sealing this effusion with two flaming  
hearts and an appropriate motto, the rest of  
the night was spent in all the horrors of  
manifold and complicated nightmares, so  
that dawn found our heroine up and dressed,  
pale, and with no need to feign headache.  
Every anxious inquiry on the part of her  
affectionate parents cost her a pang, yet she  
managed to get through the day without  
exciting their suspicions, and retired immedi-  
ately after dinner. The maid entering a  
little after 9  
to make the final preparations, found her  
young mistress weeping bitterly. In less  
than an hour, though, she must go; so,  
quickly drying her tears, Maria soon be-  
came once the love-sick damsel, flying from  
stern and cruel parents to the arms of her  
own true knight.

All was quiet within the sleeping house-  
hold, but without the wind howled, and  
moaned and beat mally against the case-  
ments—truly, a threatening night. Maria  
and her maid went softly down stairs, and  
reached the garden in safety. It was dark  
as pitch; the piercing cold wind whistled  
diabolically through the trees and blew fiercely  
in their faces, as if bidding them turn back.  
At length through the darkness they could  
discern the sleigh and Vladimir's trusty ser-  
vant vainly trying to quiet the restive horses,  
who, as if aware of the danger of freezing  
where they stood, impatiently struck the  
hard, frozen ground with their hoofs.

Meanwhile let us follow the happy bride-  
groom. Vladimir Nicolawich had had a  
busy day, what with his persuading the  
priest of Jadrino to perform the marriage  
ceremony, and searching for witnesses  
among the neighboring land-owners. The  
first he found was an ex-officer, Dravine  
by name, who accepted the duty with pleasure.  
—It reminded him, he said, of his escapades  
when in the regiment of Hussars. He begged  
Vladimir to dine with him, and undertook  
to find the other two witnesses himself.  
One of them was Smitt, the surveyor, and  
the young Ispraonek just turned 17, and about  
to enter the Fifth lancers. These two not  
only promised to be witnesses to Vladimir's  
marriage, but he humbly swore they would  
face death itself to help him. Vladimir  
thanked them heartily, and left to make  
the final preparations at his own place.

It was already dark; so, after dispatching  
his faithful Rododka to Menardowno with  
a troika (two-horse sleigh), he ordered a  
one-horse sleigh for himself, and started. It  
was 9 o'clock; he would reach Jadrino fully  
half an hour before Maria, for he could cer-  
tainly drive there in thirty minutes. But  
driving was no easy matter; the wind was  
full against him, and blew the blinding  
snow-fakes sharply into his face. Soon the  
very road disappeared under a white cloud,  
the horse stumbled blindly at every step and  
Vladimir was obliged over and over again

to get out and disengage the sleigh from  
some snow heap. With feelings akin to de-  
spair, the poor fellow realized that he had  
gone astray, and stumbled along, scarce  
daring to hope chance might yet lead him  
aright. At length the sight of a little black  
speck ahead aroused his failing courage,  
and, fervently thanking God, Vladimir  
made for the friendly hut.

"Jadrino cannot now be far," thought he;  
"I will stop here and ask my way."  
An old man, half asleep, answered the  
knock.  
"What do you want?"  
"How far is it to Jadrino?"  
"Jadrino? Not far—a matter of ten  
miles."  
Poor Vladimir!

"Can you let me have a horse? Mine is  
half dead."  
"A horse! Where would I find a horse?"  
"Well, can one get a guide hereabout?"  
"Wait—maybe my son can show you the  
way."

After what seemed to Vladimir an inter-  
minable delay, the door opened and a small  
boy came out.  
"What time is it?" inquired Vladimir.  
"It will soon be daylight," The baffled  
bridegroom was silent.

The cocks were crowing and the day  
breaking when they reached Jadrino. The  
church was closed. After rewarding his  
guide and bidding him good-bye, Vladimir  
knocked with trembling hand at the priest's  
house; his troika was not in the yard.  
What did it mean?

But we will return to the good Gabri-  
elowich and see what was going on in his  
house. The old people arose as usual and  
went down to breakfast; Gabriel Gabri-  
elowich in his flannel cap and gown, and  
Pascowia Petrovna ready dressed for the  
day. In answer to a message from Gabri-  
elowich, Maria sent word she had had a bad  
night but would be down presently. In a  
few minutes the door opened, and our he-  
roine entered.

"How is the head, daughter?"  
"Much better, father."  
"Perhaps the heat from the furnace was  
too great yesterday?"  
"Perhaps, mamma," said Maria.  
Toward evening, though, Maria was not  
so well, and the village doctor was sent for,  
but before he came high fever had set in  
and the poor girl was delirious. For a  
whole week she hung between life and  
death.

No one in the house so much as suspected  
Maria's flight; her letters were destroyed,  
and the maid had been discreet, fearing her  
master's displeasure. The priest and wit-  
nesses were silent, and the coachman was  
not much of a talker, even in his cups. For  
a wonder, the secret was kept, although  
known to half a dozen people. Maria, of  
course, spoke of nothing else during her de-  
lirium, and the good mother, who nursed  
her devotedly, made out that her child was  
dying of love for Vladimir. Therefore, after  
due consultation with her husband and sev-  
eral neighbors, it was agreed that poverty  
is no crime—one lives with the man and not  
with his money—etc., etc.; and such  
moral maxims are always of great  
help when reason does not justify our  
course. Thus, when Maria became convales-  
cent, her parents sent for Vladimir Nico-  
lawich, but great was the consternation at  
Menardowno when in came a letter, written  
apparently by a madman, in which the  
young fellow declared he would never set  
foot in their house, and begged them to for-  
get a poor wretch whose only hope was in  
death. Soon after they heard he had joined  
the army. This was in 1812.

They dared not tell Maria, who on her  
side never mentioned his name. A relapse  
of the fever was feared when, a few months  
later, she fell into a deep swoon, having ac-  
cidentally seen his name in the list of those  
who had distinguished themselves and been  
wounded at Borodino.  
But misfortunes never come singly, the  
good Gabrielowich died, leaving all his for-  
tune to Maria. Riches, however, were  
powerless to console her; she mourned his  
death sincerely, and vowed never to  
leave her poor widowed mother. They  
both left Menardowno, so fraught with sad  
associations, and went to live on an  
estate situated near Gouk. There,  
also, Maria was soon surrounded and im-  
portuned by many admirers, but discouraged  
them all, in spite of her mother's advice and  
express desire; over her, for answer, si-  
lently shook her head. Vladimir was dead  
—killed at Moscow on the eve of the en-  
trance of the French troops. His memory  
seemed sacred to Maria, who tenderly treas-  
ured all the mementoes of her lost love—his  
sketches, letters, poems, and the books they  
had read together; the neighbors commented  
wonderingly upon such unusual constancy,  
and awaited with much interest the coming  
of the hero who was to triumph over the  
melancholy constancy of this new Artemisia.

The war ended gloriously for Russia; her  
legions returned victorious, and were re-  
ceived everywhere with vociferous and joy-  
ous acclamations. Mothers and sisters, with  
tears of joy in their eyes, pressed to the  
hearts the youths who had left them, now  
grown into manhood, bronzed by exposure,  
hardened by fatigue and privation—but  
now returned covered with glory. Perhaps  
Maria and her mother, living so far out of  
the way, were among the very few who  
took no part in the general enthusiasm. The  
monotony of their lives, though, was even  
there disturbed by the advent of the dashing  
young Col. Bourmine, before whom her  
usual train of adorers had to retreat. He  
took all hearts by storm with his brilliant  
hussar uniform, fascinating manners, and  
the cross of St. George, which glistened on  
his breast. He was about 26 years of  
age, and had come to an adjoining  
property on leave of absence. Maria soon  
learned to look forward to his frequent vis-  
its, and her habitual melancholy disap-  
peared like snow under the genial rays of  
an April sun. Indeed Bourmine might well  
inspire infatuation. His outward appear-  
ance and manner were of the kind to take a  
woman's fancy. Toward Maria he was full  
of all those tender little attentions so cap-  
tivating to a young girl. Though so gentle  
and modest in manner, he had the reputa-  
tion of being very reckless, but this, in Ma-  
ria's eyes, as well as in many another's, was  
rather an advantage than otherwise. One  
thing, however, puzzled her—undoubtedly  
Bourmine loved her, and in her inmost soul  
she confessed to a liking for him—  
why, then, did he not speak? Why such  
marked attentions, wistful looks and yet  
not a word of love? Why did he not  
throw himself at her feet and declare his  
passion? Was it the natural shyness of love,  
or was he seeking to win her affections only  
to cast them aside? There was an enigma she  
could not solve. There must be a mystery  
somewhere, and this idea was enough to fire  
Maria's romantic imagination. She deter-  
mined, with a woman's natural inclination  
to coquetry, to bring him with the confession  
of his secret to her feet. Languishing looks,  
a pensive brow, a gentle sigh, soon had the  
desired effect, and Bourmine grew more

and melancholy—he no longer made the  
slightest effort to conceal the passion which  
held him in thrall. The neighbors spoke of  
the approaching marriage as of a certain  
thing, and the good Pascowia Petrovna was  
overjoyed at the seeming realization of her  
dearest wish.

One day she was alone in the parlor when  
Bourmine entered and inquired for Maria.  
"You will find her in the garden," said  
the old lady; "go; I will await you here."  
Bourmine stepped out, and the good mother  
prayed as she crossed herself: "May the  
good God settle it all to-day." Maria, just  
like the heroine in a novel, was seated on a  
rustic bench under a willow tree, listlessly  
turning over the leaves of a book. Her  
white dress contrasted prettily with the  
dark rustic background. Bourmine ap-  
proached and stood over her.

"Maria, the time has come when I must  
lay bare my heart before you—I love you  
—I love you passionately," Maria blushed  
and lowered her eyes; "but I have  
acted wickedly—madly, in allow-  
ing myself to remain in your  
sweet presence day after day. It is now too  
late to strive against fate; the memory of  
your dear face will be forevermore my joy  
and my torment. I have still a duty to per-  
form; I must draw aside the veil that still  
conceals the barrier which separates us for-  
ever."

There is also an insurmountable obstacle  
on my side," said Maria; "do not revile fate  
—I never could have been your wife."  
"Yes," sighed Bourmine, "I know you have  
loved; but death has canceled your vows  
you would have been mine, I know it—I feel  
it—in spite of your former love, if a cruel  
fate had not condemned me to misery.  
Maria, I am married!"  
"Married!" She had never thought of  
that!

"Yes," continued Bourmine, "married  
three years ago, and stranger still, married  
without knowing to whom, nor having the  
vaguest idea where my wife is, nor whether  
I shall ever see her again."

"What?" exclaimed Maria Gabrielowna,  
"is it possible? But go on—I too—for pity's  
sake, go on, I beg of you!" Trembling  
with suppressed emotion, Bourmine went on.  
"At the beginning of the year 1812 I was  
hurrying to join my regiment at Vilna.  
While getting a change of horses at Novrod  
a heavy snowfall came on, and I was  
earnestly advised not to proceed on my  
journey until it had abated. I would not  
listen, however, and in spite of all protesta-  
tions started as soon as the horses were  
hitched; it seemed as if a mysterious and  
irresistible force were impelling me  
forward. We took the short cut to Vilna,  
and started at a brisk pace. In some unac-  
countable manner, perhaps owing to the  
roads being almost wholly obliterated under  
a heavy mantle of snow, we soon found our-  
selves astray, and my coachman was obliged  
to confess himself completely at a loss how  
to continue. We drove on, then, at haphaz-  
ard, and you can well imagine how welcome  
was the sight of lights ahead. These lights  
brought us to a small village, and we saw  
that the largest proceeded from the open  
door of a church. As we approached I per-  
ceived there were several sleighs in the  
yard, and two or three people grouped to-  
gether on the porch, who, as we drove up,  
cried:

"Here! here! good gracious, how late  
you are!"  
"I suspected it was not I they wanted, but  
drew up, nevertheless."  
"A young man sprang forward: 'Your  
bride has fainted,' he said, 'and the priest is  
at a loss what to do!'"  
"A wicked thought flashed through my  
mind. What an adventure to tell my fel-  
low officers! Without answering, I ran up  
the steps and entered the church, dimly  
lighted by one lamp. A young girl reclined  
on a bench with her head leaning against  
the wall, while a maid bathed her forehead  
and temples with a handkerchief steeped in  
vinegar."

"Thank God, you have come!" exclaimed  
the woman; "your delay has almost killed  
my poor mistress!"  
"The priest then drew near; 'Sir, there is  
no time to lose; we may be surprised at any  
moment; haste, haste!'"  
"But the young lady can hardly stand," I  
objected.

"It will be sufficient if she can say yes!"  
he answered.  
"It was not too late. I might still turn  
back, but the idea of such a wonderful ad-  
venture got the better of me; moreover I  
never imagined such a ceremony would be  
valid."  
"Well, then," I said, "since you all wish  
it."

"The bride was already at the altar, sup-  
ported by her maid. I advanced and placed  
myself beside her, wrapped in my large fur  
cloak. The priest did not keep us waiting,  
and in a few moments all was over."  
"You are now one, embrace each other  
and fly," cried the irrepressible young man.  
"Nothing loth, I turned to my bride, and  
gently drawing her toward me, bent to kiss  
the poor pale face, barely discernible in the  
dim light. One glance, and then with a cry  
of horror that will ring in my ears forever,  
"Oh, it is not he! the poor girl fell backward  
in a dead faint. The priest and witnesses  
rushed to assist her, and in the confusion  
that followed I made my escape unnoticed."

"Great heaven!" exclaimed Maria, trem-  
bling violently, "and you know not what be-  
came of your unfortunate bride?"  
"Maria, what is the matter! In heaven's  
name, tell me."

"I asked you," impetuously demanded  
Maria, disregarding Bourmine's appeal, "if  
you know what became of your unfortunate  
wife."  
"No," answered he, subdued by her man-  
ner; "I do not know the name of the village  
where I was married, nor do I remember  
where I stopped to change horses. More-  
over, I never believed that marriage bind-  
ing, and used to speak of it as a good joke,  
until one day a friend, less thoughtful than  
I, frightened me by insisting that I was  
really married—bound forever, in this world  
and the next. Ever since I have sought my  
wife in vain. But, Maria, you are pale, my  
darling!—you tremble!—speak to me."  
"Merciful Father!" exclaimed the young  
girl, clasping her hands, "I thank Thee! It  
was then you, Bourmine! Oh, how wretched  
I must have been our lot had we never met;  
or having met, had we not loved!"  
Bourmine shuddered, and then, overcome  
with joy, fell on his knees before his wife.

## A Pepper Sauce Investigation.

(Exchanged.)

The other day a Newark physician, who  
suspected that some one was peeping through  
the keyhole of his office door, investigated  
with a syringe full of pepper sauce. He  
found his wife half an hour afterward with  
a bandage over her left optic. She told him  
that she had been cutting wood and a chip  
had hit her in the eye.

In 1864 60,000,000 gallons of water were  
used in extinguishing fires in London.

## A SCIENTIST'S REPORT.

BILL NYE TRANSMITS TO THE PUB-  
LIC A RARE DOCUMENT.

The Mayor's Throat—Tubercular Gumbolls  
in the Hands of Great Men of  
Medicine—A Fearful  
Diagnosis.

(Original.)

To the Members of the Academy of Science  
at Erin Prairie, Wisconsin:

GENTLEMEN: I beg leave to submit here-  
with my microscopic report on the several  
sealed specimens of proud flesh and other  
memories taken from the roof of Mr.  
Flannery's mouth. As Mr. Flannery is the  
mayor of Erin Prairie, and therefore has a  
world-wide reputation, I deemed it suffi-  
ciently important to the world at large, and  
pleasing to Mr. Flannery's family, to publish  
this report in the medical journals of the  
country, and have it telegraphed to the  
leading newspapers at their expense. Know-  
ing that the world at large is hungry to  
learn how the laudable pus of an eminent  
man appears under the microscope, and  
what a pleasure it must be to his family to  
read the description after his death, I have  
just opened a new box of difficult words and  
herewith transmit a report which will be an  
ornament not only to the scrap books of Mr.  
Flannery's immediate family after his death,  
but a priceless boon to the reading public at  
large.

Removing the seals from the jars as soon  
as I had returned from the express office, I  
poured off the alcohol and recklessly threw  
it away. A true scientist does not care for  
expense.

The first specimen was in a good state of  
preservation on its arrival. I never saw a  
more beautiful or robust proliferation epi-  
thelial cell nest in my life. It must have  
been secured immediately after the old  
epithelial had left the nest, and it was in  
good order on its arrival. The whole lobule  
was looking first-rate. You might ride for  
a week and not run across a prettier lobule  
or a more artistic aggregation of cell nests  
outside a penitentiary.

Only one cell nest had been allowed to dry  
up on the way, and this looked a good deal  
fatigued. In one specimen I noticed a  
carneous degeneration, but this is really no  
reflection on Mr. Flannery personally.  
While he has been ill, it is not surprising that  
he should allow his cell nests to carneously  
degenerate. Such a thing might happen to  
almost any of us.

One of the scrapings from the sore on the  
right posterior fauces I found on its arrival  
had been seriously injured and therefore not  
available. I return it herewith.

From an examination which has been con-  
ducted with great care I am led to believe  
that the right posterior rafter of Mr. Flannery's  
mouth is slightly indurated, and it is  
barely possible that the northeast duplex and  
parotid gland end of the roof of his mouth  
may become involved.

I wish you would ask Mr. Flannery's im-  
mediate relatives, if you can do so without  
arousing alarm in the breast of the patient,  
if there has ever been a marked predis-  
position on the part of his ancestors to tub-  
ercular gumboll. I do not wish to be under-  
stood as giving this diagnosis as final at all,  
but from what I have already stated, taken  
together with other clinical and pathologi-  
cal data within my reach, and the fact that  
minute, lobulated gumboll bacteria were  
found floating through some of the cell  
nests, I have every reason to fear the worst.  
I would be glad to receive from you for  
microscopic examination a fragment of Mr.  
Flannery's malpighian layer, showing evi-  
dences of cell proliferation. I only suggest  
this, of course, as practicable in case there  
should be a malpighian layer which Mr.  
Flannery is not using. Do not ask him to  
take a malpighian layer off her cell nest just  
to please me.

From one microscopic examination I hard-  
ly feel justified in giving a diagnosis, nor  
care to venture any suggestion as to treat-  
ment, but it might be well to kalsomine the  
roof of Mr. Flannery's mouth with gum  
arabic, white lime and glue in equal parts.

There has already been some extrava-  
gations and a marked multiformity. I also  
noticed an inflamed and angry color to the  
stroma with trimmings of the same. This  
might only indicate that Mr. Flannery had  
kept his mouth open too much during the sum-  
mer, and sunburned the roof of his mouth,  
were it not that I also discovered traces of  
gumboll microbes of the squamous variety.  
This leads me to fear the worst for Mr.  
Flannery. However, if the gentlemanly,  
courteous and urbane members of the  
Academy of Science, of Erin Prairie, to  
whom I am already largely indebted for past  
favors, will kindly forward to me, prepaid,  
another scraping from the mansard roof of  
Mr. Flannery's mouth next week, I will open  
another keg of hard words and trace this  
gumboll theory to a successful terminatio  
if I have to use up the whole ceiling of th  
patient's mouth.

Yours, with great sincerity, profundity  
and verbosity,  
BILL NYE,  
Microscopist, Lobulist and Microbist.  
HUDSON, Wis., May 6.

Mr. E. T. Mason, in his "Personal Traits  
of British Authors," quotes from Grenville  
Murray to illustrate Macaulay's extraordi-  
nary free-handedness: "He was more than  
generous in money matters—of a princely  
munificence, in fact. Many a gentlemanly  
bagger called on him in his rooms at the  
Albany, and none ever went away without  
at least a guinea. One day a person of de-  
cidedly seedy aspect called and unfolded a  
long story of sorrow. Macaulay listened,  
only half touched, having good reasons for  
taking his own view of the case. He had  
already made up his mind to dismiss the  
seedy gentleman with an alms when the  
latter observed incidentally that he was a  
Trinity man. Macaulay thereupon wrote  
him a check for £100 straight off. And yet  
a hundred pounds was a very serious consid-  
eration to him at that time; indeed, the gift  
put his whole year's accounts out of gear."

The Mormon church has more missionaries  
than the American board of foreign mis-  
sions.

"THOSE HORRID  
BLOTCHES,"

Pimples are sure to disappear if you will  
purify your blood by the use of Ayer's  
Sarsaparilla. "I was severely troubled  
with pimples on the face; also, with a  
discoloration of the skin. External treat-  
ment afforded only temporary relief."

Boils, and humors are the result of an  
impure and vitiated condition of the blood.  
They may be eradicated by the use of  
Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Dr. Robert Swain,  
Houston st., New York, says: "No  
alternative we possess equals Ayer's Sar-

## Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

saparilla effected a complete cure." —  
Thos. W. Boddy, River st., Lowell, Mass.  
Prepared by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

for the cure of cutaneous affections, and  
for the treatment of scrofulous sores."  
For Sale by all Druggists.

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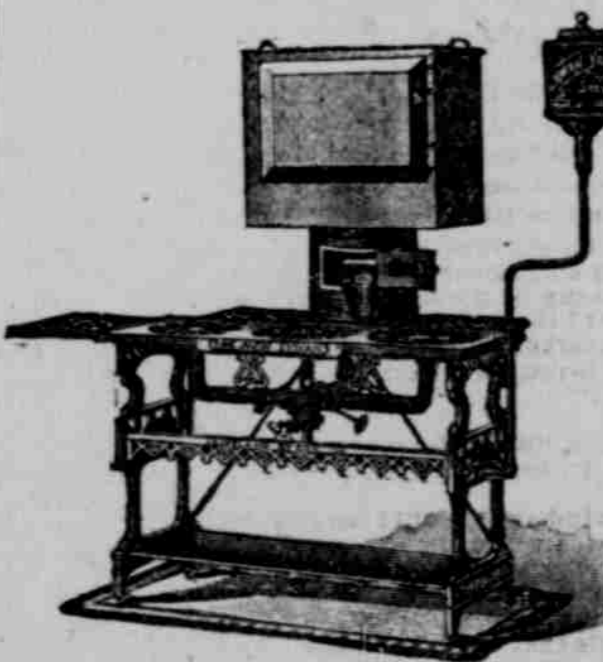
6c for 1 lb. Family White Fish.  
5c for 10 Penny Mackerel.  
5c for 1 lb. Choice Turkish Prunes  
5c for 13 lb. can Sugar Corn  
5c for 13 lb. can Fresh Apples.  
30c for 1 gallon Choice Honey Drip Syrup.  
15c for 1 lb. Baking Powder.  
25c for 1 gallon can Apples.  
14c for 1 lb. Arbuckle's Coffee.  
25c for 10 Large Bars German Soap.  
25c for 8 lbs. Pearl Starch  
25c for 6 lbs. Silver Glass Starch.  
25c for 10 lbs. Akron Oat Meal.  
15c for 12 lb. can Choice Table Peaches in  
Syrup.  
15c for 1 can California Apricots.  
25c for 6 lbs. Dried Sweet Corn.

25c for 6 qts. Navy Beans.  
25c for 6 lbs. Lima Beans.  
70c for 1 keg Holland Herring;  
10c for 1 can Pine Apples.  
10c per lb. for Kingan's Hams  
75c per lb. for Kingan's Shoulder Meat.  
10c per pound for Kingan's Breakfast Bacon.  
25c for 3 lbs. Choice Lard.  
25c for 3 cans Fresh Mackerel.  
25c for 3 cans Tomatoes, Corn, String Beans,  
Gooseberries, Cherries, Strawberries, Dam-  
son Puns or Blackberries.  
25c for 4 cans Peas, Sarcotash or Lima Beans.  
25c for 1 lb. Choice Gunpowder or Imperial Tea.  
25c for 16 Bars of German Soap.  
5c for 1 bar B. T. Abbott's soap.  
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